and Bazar for Red Cross Benefit

Countess Cassini's Garden Party



Miss Louise Jones, Niece of Postmaster General



Countess Cassini, Who Is Promoting the Red Cross Fete

"Baccarat"-then comes the swish of the

their arms to the table-the rest of the

room is in shadow, and the ends of it are

Church itself is not so wide in moral

even words with her; the blackleg who has

is famous for philanthropy; the young bride

stands behind the mistress of a financier

and the subtlety of the serpent would be

of no avail. No science counts in the en-

gleam of cunning. The game played here is like the blind swirl of a bat in the dusk-

long hours silent, breathless, feverish and

The young man with the bleary eyes who

took the bank for a hundred louis is losing

heavily. He has lost heavily every night for

a week, and, chewing the end of a dead

cigarette, he is waiting for his luck to turn.

It did not turn last night, therefore it must

consequently it is certain to turn to-morrow

chance, struggling to find the law of that

mysterious force which must ever remain

therefore the subject for a game. Mean-

time the substance his father left him is

many countries, are melting away one by

blouse and the ostrich feather, with the

pink and white cheeks, has been winning

with the little red counters which represent

5 francs, and now she is playing boldly

ing, a laugh not yet heard in the air is

she looks into the faces around and smiles

at strangers. Presently she rises, gathers

into a little basket the pile of shining ivory

which lies on her section of the table, and

carries it to the treasury to be changed

into coin. She has won, but she has also

lost-lost something of that most precious

ishness, which tells us it is not good to

The middle-aged man with a pale face

section shows no counters. He is dipping

into his waistcoat pocket first for notes,

do what he liked with his own-why not

waste his wealth in this way if he will?

an equal countenance, and rises from the

table with the easy conscience of one who

has amused himself and done harm to no

mitted the gravest crime against social

meaning, and has set up nothing in its

and sweat from generation to generation,

the turning of a card, the fluttering of a

feather, against nothing he can control,

he is a criminal against the oldest and

firmest of the laws of life-the law which

says: "In the sweat of thy face shalt

They are all criminals, though they sit

here in silk and broadcloth, in the Casino

that was built by the municipality and is

licensed by the state. For the god they

serve is the god of Idleness and his name

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ORD comes from Los Angeles,

Cal., that Lucien W. Perkins is

behind the bars for the third

time for forcing his attentions

upon Miss Cora Auten, the hand-

some daughter of Philip L. Auten, the Chi-

A year ago Perkins created a sensation

in Chicago by entering Miss Auten's room

in the family residence at 314 Ashland

Miss Auten locked herself in a closet, from

which she was rescued by a policeman.

While the Auten family was absent from

their residence in Pasadena last Thursday

cealed himself in her room, Perkins suc-

ceeded in making his escape before Miss

on the complaint sworn out by Mr. Auten

Perkins began to annoy Miss Auten with

the man was located in Los Angeles and

his attentions over a year ago in Chicago,

when he accosted her one day on the street

and declared his deep love for her. She

fled. Afterward he persisted in following

her on a bicycle, and in speaking to her

Notoriety and annoyance, it is said, have

nearly driven the Auten family frantic. It

was hoped that Perkins had ceased his

the family to California for the sole pur-

the woman for whom he claims he has an

whenever he could get an opportunity.

his sanity and was released.

inderstand, nothing that exists.

Handsome Girl Is

thou eat bread.

cago millionaire.

nothing he can calculate, nothing he can

loses with a laugh, and wins with

and eyes that stare a little when he is spoken to has been losing all along. His

gain if somebody else must lose.

Houses, lands, ships, railways, the

often moist with pain.

A pack of cards, shuffled, dealt,

been turned out of half the clubs of Eu-

The Gods of Rule and Riot; Close Study of Opposites of lomatic Washington has ever witnessed and as participants and active contributors

(By HALL CAINE)

this angle of the Bay of Biscay, counters, the rumbling of muttered words which is called Biarritz. The air | that drum through the air like a message is thin and clear, the early sun through an atmosphere which has still some memories of the salt of last night's spray, and the sea, often so wrathful on the rocks of this coast and full of unnumbered beside the courtesan, exchanging smiles and wrecks, is rolling on the long reaches of the sandy shore with a subdued and measured rope elbows the heir of an English earl who

In the market place of the little town the day's work is beginning. The big doors are | chance annihilates convention and destroys | open and the country people are carrying | custom. In his temple the only honor is their produce to the stalls within. They the code of the cards. and oxen drays from the Basque province round about. Here is a mule cart full of foot of the Pyrenees. At the hearts of the lettuces the dew is still hiding in beads, and you know they were plucked from the sightless, soundless and stupid. Yet at this morning, while the sky was gray and girls who stooped double over the ward hills. Here is a donkey cart full of fresh eggs, of butter in moist cabbage leaves, of milk in bright pails. As they are lifted out you can fancy you hear the cackling, and lowing in the farmyard and smell the odor of the cowhouse and almost taste the sweet breath of the calf that called to its mother from a neighboring stall. Here, too, are crates of oranges from Seville, and of lemons from Sicily, and as their hoops | fruits of ages of industry by many hands in are hammered off and they come blubbering out, fringed with stalks and green leaves, you think you can see the sunny groves where they grew on the breasts of hills surmounted by little white cities, and hear the workers singing from unseen places as they gathered the yellowing fruit. And the with the large white octagonal pieces owners of the produce to be sold this morning-stripped to their clean white shirts, playing about her parted lips, at intervals with their waist scarfs of red cotton, and their caps of black velvet-are sweating from every pore of their tawny faces as they spread their baskets on the stalls and call to each other and laugh.

As seven strikes from the market clock essence of the soul-the essence of unself. the buyers begin to appear-thrifty housewives in black gowns with alpaca aprons and market baskets on their arms. They traverse the lines of fruit and vegetables, bargain, haggle and buy, while the sellers cry their goods, the mules munch their corn, and the slow-eyed oxen, under their into a doze. At 8 o'clock the little city has | guilty than many we put in our jails begun to smoke for breakfast, and to open shops. Hackney carriages are tinkling His income is £40,000 sterling, and if he bells, motor cars are tooting around the and the sea is beginning to shine.

pg to make their own purchases one. But that man has, nevertheless, com-It is Irish frieze, and stead. He has staked the symbols of all imagine you hear the shuffling of we eat and drink and clothe ourselves was spun. Another draws up from world's end to world's end, against the Russian Pole where Jewish shoemakers sit stitching early and late by the open doors of their narrow tenements. A third draws up at a draper's shop and buys a print handkerchief of English manufacture, and you can fancy you hear the roar of the rolling machinery of the great mills of Manchester and see the long line of girl hands who come laughing and skipping arm in arm out of the wide gates as the big bell rings at midday. A fourth stops to give two coppers to a blind woman led by a little girl, and you feel the spell of that sweetest part of civility by which the giver makes himself one in welfare and interest with her to whom he gives. All are obeying in their different ways the homely, but irresistible god, who governs all men; whose rule began with creation and can only end with chaos; who binds together the farthest parts of the earth, and unites the peoples of the world into one family. They are his willing and cheerful subjects. .appy to serve him and the better for his service. And they go about with his little counters in theld hands-gold counters, silver counters and bronze counters-symbols of green fields, of forests, of farms, of vineyards, of orange groves, of lemon orchards, of houses, of factories, of forges, of mills, of ships, of everything whereby they eat and drink and live. That god is the god of industry, and his name is Rule.

It is 12 o'clock midnight in the Municipal Casino; the performance of "Boccac- afternoon Perkins succeeded in entering white theater; the curtain has risen again | night about 11 o'clock Miss Auten heard a and fallen for the last time on the painted | knock on the door of her room. Thinking and powdered mimes in grotesque costumes | it was one of the family, she opened the and the audience of men in frilled shirts her persistent persecutor, Perkins, As and black cravats, and women in silvery soon as she recognized the fellow Miss silks and white feathers, are pouring out Auten screamed for help, and, as on the training pupils in Indianapolis. of the double doors which open into the former occasion in Chicago, when he con-

There are two gaming rooms. One of ple who-as actors now, no longer as au- Since this last attempt on the part of dience-are crowding around a table on Perkins the house has been well guarded which little numbered toy horses of various by officers. It was expected Perkins would taught in School No. 3, recently torn down which moves the machinery, the voice of voice of the man who receives and pays

The other room, the inner room, is silent with a muggy and clammy silence-the silence of the dank and empty hour that goes between the darkest hour and dawn. Some fifty persons are gathered there; a few of them are seated about a green-topped table; the rest are standing behind and looking down. At intervals single words fall on the ear like the plop of fish in the stillness | unquenchable love.



season, more than ever before, what General Young, formerly commander of the United States

HE national capital has been, this

army, has aptly termed "a city of fairs, fads and fancies." The climax in the reign of the three F's is to come, appropriately enough toward the close of the era of revelry and will take the form of a great garden party and bazar for the benefit of the Russian Red Cross, now so active in carrying on relief work of all kinds at the theater of war in the far East. This picturesque fete will unquestionably be the greatest show which social, official and diplomatic Washington has ever witnessed to its success there has been enlisted the aid of practically everybody who is anybody in the city of celebrities. of a woodland pond at night-"Carte,"

There is only one woman on this side of the Atlantic who could have piloted this croupier's spade as he scoops up the ivory pretentious project to complete success in the face of all sorts of obstacles. She is again. The only light is from the chande- the vivacious Countess Marguerite Cassini. lier of electric jets which stretch down adopted daughter of the Russian ambassador, and, in many respects, the most remarkable girl in America. Her triumph in the present instance but adds another feather to the cap of the young woman of twenty-three who, for more than a year past, has held the important post of ranking hostess of the diplomatic corps, and for three years previous to that had assumed who is in prison. As love levels rank, so all the responsibilities of the position of mistress of an important diplomatic household, meeting light-heartedly, almost glee-

It is by no means easy to give a satisfyto a face beautiful in itself. Of a Parisian, rather than a Russian type, slender and meaningless mummery the gamblers sit for lithsome and graceful, she is wonderfully quick of motion. Everything she does is acomplished quickly and with an enthusiasm that sweeps all barriers before it. Never was this better exemplified than in the manner in which she has swept society and officialdom off its feet by her present whirlwind project for the relief of the suffering

soldiers in the Orient. No person less daring than this pretty pilgrim from St. Petersburg would have venture chosen by the fair countess to announce her pet project. President Roosevelt had just issued his peremptory order every person in official life to observe not only the letter but the spirit of the law of neutrality in the conflict between Russia tations from Countess Cassini to every woman prominent in public life to participrise on behalf of Russian relief.

IN A QUANDARY. Plainly, official society was in a quandary. The fashionable world had not the assurgiving freely of her time and her treasure



Miss Isabelle May:

Friend of Countess Cassini

nations, here was the President's order staring in the face every woman whose husband, or father, or brother, held a government job To be deprived of the support of all the

good-natured "spenders" in Cabinet, Su-Right on the heels of this came the invi- | worthy of a girl who has grown up in the pate and assist in her money-making enter- | the object of the Russian Red Cross, in whose interest she was working, "is to aid ambassador. The originator of the fete will friend and foe alike when found on the battlefield," and by a second master stroke of diplomacy induced Mr. Kogora Takahira, the Japanese minister at Washington, to head her list of subscribers with a hand-

> could, of course, be no objection to neutrals participating in a mission where lead-

She will be Assisted by Washington Society @ Women and Hopes to Net \$25,000 for Sufferers...Japanese Minister the First to Subscribe for the Fete

ambassadors readily consented to act as the secretary of the interior, promptly followed the example of the leader of the Cabinet coterie. Even Miss Durand, only daughter of the British ambassador, was induced to give her promise to assist at one of the booths, just as though such a thing as the British-Japanese alliance had never been

With the tide turned in her favor Countby decreeing that all the Russian element at first contemplated for the gowns of the participants should be omitted through are giving their services on the ground of humanity. Had the Russian features fig ured too conspicuously many of these la dies would have been embarrassed and there are not a few of the fair workers to whose acts, under such circumstances, more or less significance attaches. For in stance, Miss Louise Jones, niece of the postmaster general, is to have charge of the postoffice at the big bazar, and Miss Alice Roosevelt, although adhering to the rule made at the beginning of the season not to actually assist in any such function, will give her Russian chum moral and financial support by her presence on the eventful

HOPES TO NET \$25,000.

Countess Cassini hopes to net at least \$25,-000 by her unique festival and it is probable fairyland this week, but are sending monetary donations to a preliminary fund. Secretary of State Hay is understood to have sent a check for \$100, and Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock is a donor to the extent of twice that amount. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, whose daughter has, within the month married a Russian nobleman, added \$500 to the fund, and Charles Cramp, who has ilt several Russian war vessels, furnished \$1,000 remembrance. From wealthy Russians in the West about \$5,000 in cash has een received: General Draper, formerly United States ambassador to Italy, has given \$500, and so on through a long list of prominent folk who have listened to the most potent appeal of the season for sweet charity's sake.

fete is easily the most advantageous in Washington. "Belmont" is the home of Mr. A. L. Barber, the "Asphalt King," and confour or five acres set down in the very heart of the capital city. When it was propos several years ago, to transform the present President, Belmont had been tentatively ecutive. Not only will the spacious grounds the Red Cross festival, but the entire first formed into a great cafe, where the visitor may pay \$1 or \$5 for his dinner, according to his charitable inclinations.

Countess Cassini, strange to say, has booth, but will leave that duty to Mme Jusserand, the American wife of the French ported from Paris especially for the occater, and a number of other girls prominent in official circles. The countess will, late in the evening of the all-important day, as sume the role of auctioneer in order to dispose of any article that may remain in the



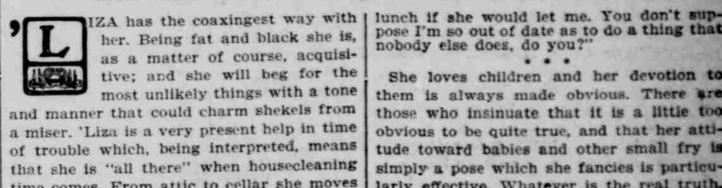
Miss Durand. Daughter of British Ambassador American Wife of Belgian Minister



Baroness Moncheur.

Local Stories that Tell of the Peculiarities of Women

An Observing Girl Would Like to Have Custom of Former Days Reinstated... Colored Woman Repents Her Curiosity... Inquisitive Child Puts a Young Woman to Quick Flight



foh dese ol' shirtwaisties. Ah might 'swell take dem ovah to mah house an' fix 'em up

not too swiftly but so surely that she leaves

"But 'Liza, you can't do anything with them." protests Miss Sally feebly. "They're too little for you; I'd better give them to

bettah use of dem shirtwaisties dan Ah kin. Ah don't mind bein' squoze, Miss Sally. An' looky dat little squeeky-legged chaih. Yo' tell dem niggahs dey cain't set on hit. But now yo' wouldn't want to tell comp'ny not to set on a chaih, Miss Sally. 'Twouldn't be fittin' in quality."

One is obliged to listen to her, for she charms so sweetly; so 'Liza usually goes home laden with a miscellaneous accumulation of odds and ends. One day last week she cleaned out the medicine chest in the house of one of her patrons.

"Now, Miss Smif, yo' ain' cairin' foh all dis mess of old med-cine. Lawsee, yo' no labels on to tell yo' is dey good foh de use for stale medicines noway, Mis' Smifyo' kin afford bran' new medicines if so be youall gets sick."

served their purposes. So she agreed to give her the collection of compounds and pana-

Mrs. Smith agreed with 'Liza that most

"Though what you will do with them I'm

'Liza kept her own counsel as to the disosal of the bottles and went off that night aden with her spoils.

The next day 'Liza was dumpy, and the second day she failed to appear at all. Late in the morning Martha, her half-grown daughter, appeared in the kitchen. "Where is 'Liza?" demanded Mrs. Smith in that querulous tone that the housewife,

delayed in her projected plans, assumes. "Please'm she sick an' cain't come to-

"What's the matter?" For a time Martha was uncommunicative, but vigorous questioning brought it out. "Well'm, night fo' las' she had de misery in her stummick and she took some o' dat house. She said hit was high-price med'cine an' hit surely would ease her. Den las with better success. It was well attended | night, when she come home she was wuss'r, by union men. Mr. Stechhan's proposition | an' she begun an' she tuk some o' one botwas new to them and was indorsed at once, | tle an' den some of anoder; an' all de night although there was some misunderstanding | froo she had dreadful misery an' ever' little as to its purpose which some took to be a | while she got up an' tooken a new kind. scheme to train apprentices. This came | She said dev wasn't no niggah she knowed

The Girl Who Observes sighed a regretful | than I heard, either," said Mrs. Jones. sigh as she sipped her tea. "Have you nothe day has fallen into disuse among us?" present a bill incorporating manual train- she asked. "I heard a girl say this afternoon that she was going to spend the day to-morrow with another girl-and the phrase made me reminiscent, for I declare it has been years since I last heard it used. was a little girl and used to start off, all right to the last inch, to spend the long, glorious day with Martha, and Sue Ellen, or some of the rest of the tots. The day was retrospect, scudding home just before supper time, it seemed almost as long because | stuff that little John bought before he went

> "And it wasn't only we children who went spending the day either. My grown-up sisdog their footsteps from front porch to the hammock in the garden, from the parlor up to sister's bedroom, where the two big girls letters, and tell each other confidential listen with the breathless interest that you | teen minutes I enjoyed the lovely flowers always have in things that are none of your | and the beautiful music and I was feeling business. The big girls would get furious, so good and uplifted, when all of a sudder of course, at the way I hung on their steps | a dreadful odor floated up to me. In a secand their words, but threats or coaxing ond I realized that my feet had got warmed were alike powerless to call me off "But it's all over now," and the Girl Who Observes set down her teacup. "Perhaps | the tots still keep it up-but it certainly has gone out of style with the grown-up girls. We go now and then to spend the I'm going to faint.' I simply held my night with one another-but spending the breath-what there was left of it-and

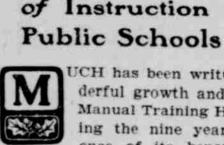
"What's to blame? I dunno, Maybe the everything. Maybe the telephone, which makes it so easy for us to do our visiting at home. We drop in to lunch with our the dish in advance of the foremost of her currence. The mother raised herself on her we are especially invited; and we spend the ests entire, and went and lived in some one

'And if anybody did you'd probably be so

"O yes, I suppose so," returned the Girl know, I told him, just as I told you-and Who Observes, as she gathered up her I never will know, either, for the whole gloves and pulled down her veil. "I'd prob- thing after the first quarter of an hour is five half-grown young ones rushed ahead | them came up and drank their fill. . Was | ably say that I had my sewing club in the | blank to me. I know that I went to morning and my reading club in the after- | church, but that's the extent of my Easter

for every charity suggested, in addition to and Countess Cassini followed up her advarious booths as the bazar draws to a close. WALDON FAWCETT. being the greatest foe to monotony the vantage by inducing Mrs. Hay, wife of the American smart world has ever known. secretary of state, to head the list of pa-Yet, with the best of intentions and incli- | tronesses. With such a cue all the wives of [Copyright, 1904.] Origin of the Manual Training High

School and its Wonderful Growth then for gold, finally for silver. When all is gone he is a ruined man. He has gambled Citizens of Indianapolis away the home of his wife and the bread of his children, and he is an offender more Were Slow to Recognize The elderly man with the ruddy cheeks, smoking a long cigar from a meerschaum the Benefits that Might Come from This Class cares to waste some of it in the Casino who shall say that he may not do so? If he gave suppers they would cost him of Instruction in the something; if he kept horses or yachts or women nobody would question his right to



ing the nine years of its existmany another great institution, however, its propagators met at first only opposition and discouraging indifference.

As early as 1883 the movement for manual training began to be discussed, but it was not until 1895 that the present building was opened and Manual Training High School established as a school.

The Manual Training High School has a two-fold origin. It was really the outgrowth of two private technical schools, quite distinct from each other, each of which had plenty of its own troubles and was fostered for a number of years by unselfish and public-spirited citizens. One of Pursued by a Man school building on Pennsylvania street, until its removal to the present manual train-German institution, called the Mechanics' Institute, was held at first in different rooms about the city, but finally purchased property on Maryland street, between Ala-

bama and Delaware streets. Credit for the admirable fitness of the Manual Training School building for its purpose belongs entirely to Mr. Frederick boulevard. There was a struggle, and brought here from the East, under whose direction and personal supervision the plans were drawn and the structure erected. The manual training which was carried Later Perkins was tried before a jury for on in the basement of the high school was in nowise connected with the regular high

> a tuition of \$8 a term, as the law at that time made no provision for funds for this Even the teachers were not officially recgnized as such. Since no objections were raised to this method of procedure, however, the fathers of the project took heart and the work continued, though slowly, Mr. George Merritt, then a member of the School Board, and others guaranteed the expense. To Mr. Merritt is due the credit of having presented the first tools-twelve

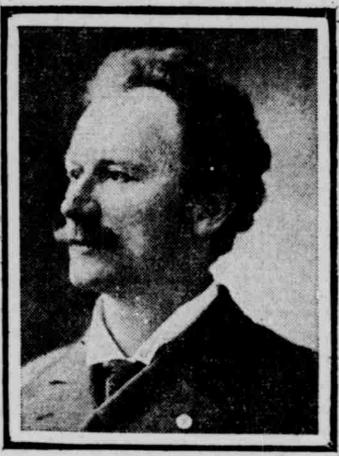
school course and had to be maintained on

HELD IN SUMMER. For the first three years this school was held only during the summer months. Its first teacher was Professor William F. M. Goss, of Purdue University, who came here in 1883. The following summer it was to make way for the new federal building. tions were made to give him a warm re- by Professor Dillon, also of Purdue. By ception. He did not appear, however, and 1885 the present Shortridge building had been erected, and the manual training class went back to the high school in charge of Mr. William H. Bass, of this city, who

It is an interesting fact that Mr. Bass first entered the school as a student upon invitation of Mr. Tarbell, superintendent of the city schools, obviously for the purpose of finally taking this position. The movement had proved so popular by this time that in September of 1885 five classes entered, and from this time on demonstrations, but he evidently followed they met during the regular school months. There were at first about eighty pupils, pose of gaining a chance to pay court to drawn chiefly from the regular junior and senior classes, and they were accommodated at sixteen benches. About the middle old rat thereupon immediately made a leap | Charlestown, Ind.

remained in his capacity of chief instruc-

tor for six years.



Mr. Otto Stechhar.

of the same year eight lathes were put in. New teachers were added from time to time, additional rooms were opened and spite of the lack of public funds, until the opening of Manual Training High School. The other source of the Manual Training High School, the Mechanics' Institute, borrowed its ideas from the "old country" and led a precarious life for five or six years before it, too, merged its identity n the institution of which it was a forerunner. The expenses for its maintenance were met by annual contributions from members of the organization and by a monthly tuition fee of 25 cents from the

who received mechanical instruction in this school met only twice a week-on Tuesday evenings and Sunday mornings. There the only branches taught. One of the architect.

OTTO STECHHAN'S WORK.

There was one citizen of Indianapolis, however, who realized not only the necessity of industrial training in this city, but system. This citizen was Mr. Otto Stech- were the only branches offered. This is han, and he is the originator of the bill now practically the first year's work. It making such a step possible. In 1888 Mr. Stechhan went abroad, and while in Ber- and that the manual training was transof labor was represented. It was then that | would turn out too many mechanics has he determined to do everything in his pow- not been realized so far in the working out sets-which were ever used by manual er to introduce the system here as it was of the school. Manual training has a disbeing practiced in France and Germany. Upon his return home he was invited by a mechanics, and those who do will always committee composed of members of the find plenty of room for their ability.

Two Private Schools were the Forerunners of the Present Institution...Efficient Service Rendered by Mr. Otto Stechhan in the Legislature

Board of Trade, the Commercial Club and the Builder's Exchange, whose sympathies had been enlisted in behalf of the Mechanics' Institute, to address a general meeting of the public, especially directed to the manufacturers of the city. The meeting was a failure. The public did not put in its appearance and the manufacturers manifested no interest whatever.

The meeting of the Central Labor Union, which was held a few months later, met out in the remarks that were invited after | had dat stock ob med'cine an' she surely the address. Mr. Stechhan's main idea had | was goin' to mek good use ob it while she been to make the manual training a part of | had de misery an' de opportunity.'

Mr. Stechhan's next step seemed an easy one, for the five representatives from this county to the following state Legislature stood principally for labor interests. There was not one of them, however, that did not show an unaccountable unwillingness to ing into the schools and it finally had to be introduced by request by Representative Folk, of another county. The bill carried with it a 5-cent tax.

IN THE LEGISLATURE. This happened during the stormy last two or three days of the session, when it looked almost like an impossibility to obtain hearing. A ruling had been made, more-The 100 or more young men and boys alphabetical order, and it was only by winwere no tools and outside of a little mod- then president of the Senate, and of in eling in clay, drafting and drawing were | ducing them to waive technicalities that the measure was put through. The speaker Emory, an expert on technical education, earliest teachers was Mr. Vonnegut, the promised Mr. Folk that if he would stand upon a chair to propose the measure he should be recognized. This Mr. Folk did, and amid a storm of objections the bill was

> On Feb. 18, 1895, when the present M. T. H. S. building was opened, manual training became a part of the high school course Besides drawing, bench work and turning was at this time that the Mechanics' Institute abandoned its own school and turned over all its equipment to M. T. H. S. ferred from the other high school. The fear that some of the union men seem to have had that this kind of training tinct value to many who will never become

Remarkable Instinct of a Rat

N a very warm day last summer | like a kangaroo, and was at the edge of I happened to be standing near from a neighboring rat hole, and

fied that all was right and made a cautious the chicken coop, and the water looked a which immediately started towards it.

haunches and bit and scratched at her offed to reach the water that they all finally scudded away, evidently very much astonconcluded to watch the movements of the ished and frightened at the strange and unaccountable behavior of their mother. When the little ones were at a safe disance the reasons for her extraordinary be-She first wet her whiskers in the water looked suspiciously about her, then very cautiously put down her head to the dish friendly invitation to the thirsty old rat, and finding the water good, turned around and called her young ones with sundry re-The rat had not reached the pan before assuring squeaks and squeaks, and all of and tried to be first at the water. The this instinct or reason? WILL DIETZ.

litter. Then ensued a most remarkable oc-

day is about as obsolete as making samp-

but nobody asks me to."

busy that you'd refuse," suggested the girl got hysterical. After the service was over into whose ears the complaint had been

poon, but I'd dearly love to just run in to service knowledge.

pose I'm so out of date as to do a thing that nobody else does, do you?" She loves children and her devotion to them is always made obvious. There are those who insinuate that it is a little too obvious to be quite true, and that her attitude toward babies and other small fry is that she is "all there" when housecleaning simply a pose which she fancies is particutime comes. From attic to cellar she moves | larly effective. Whatever is the real truth, however, the fact is, that thrown into the every corner swept free of dust, every shelf | society of a child, she will frequently neg-

trim and clean. But she pauses at frequent | lect the grown-ups who happen to be also She has been less marked in her attention to children in general, and small girls in may have its awkward complements. The occasion of her enlightenment was a picule at which the party was of a semi-family variety and included persons of both sexes to the initiated as something of an enfant terrible, was one of the party, and Miss Heroine picked her out as the object of special attention. Seated on the curbstone between Leonora and a man whom she had never met before, Miss Heroine, as was her custom, kept up a brisk and engrossing conversation with Leonora, which was yet not too engrossing as to utterly exclude the

man, who was too good-looking to be entirely neglected. In one of the pauses which Miss Heroine devoted to the man, Leonora's small, sharp wits suggested a wonderment and she nearer to Miss Heroine and leaned both elthe young woman's face soulfully. Miss Heroine was delighted with the mark of affection. "Dear little thing," she murmured

softly, stroking Leonora's curls. "Say," said Leonora, "have you got any Miss Heroine blushed a rich, resplendent red, but she rose bravely to the occasion. No, I haven't any little boys," she replied calmly and distinctly. "Well-have you got any little girls?" ventured Leonora hopefully.

"No, I haven't any little girls," replied Miss Heroine, with the tone of one who repeats a lesson learned by rote. "Oh, my-haven't you got any little ba-bies at all?" demanded Leonora, with a deep shade of astonishment in her tone. Miss Heroine stuck to her flags. "No, I haven't any little babies at all," she re-

turned steadily. Leonora gasped. Here was an astonishing state of things. This was a grown-up, like mother; she wore long skirts and did her hair up on top of her head; and yet-. "Oh my-my goodness-do you live all alone?" ended Leonora in a tone of deepest commis-

come?" asked Miss Heroine, desperately, of the man, and he rose and walked out to the track to see if there were any car in sight. It took a long time for him to assure h have taken him so long, for it took only an instant for Miss Heroine to disperse herself into the midst of the group on the sidewalk. leaving only inquisitive Leonora alone to greet the man on his return to the curb-

"Lovely Easter wasn't it?" said Mrs. Smythe to Mrs. Jones, over her ice one afternoon last week.

"I don't know-was it?" said Mrs. Jones. apathetically.

service was so perfectly beautiful. Did you have a nice service at your church? 'I don't know," said Mrs. Jones again. "Why, my dear, you surely went to servce on Easter day? I wouldn't miss it for anything in the world." "Yes, I went," said Mrs. Jones, "but I lon't know what kind of a service it was,

"Well, whatever did you go for?" said Mrs. Smythe, in that scandalized which only the righteous can use. "I always supposed you were the very soul of devoutness, and surely you didn't go just to see the hats and the flowers?"

"No. I didn't, and I didn't see any more think I shall always hereafter regard Easter and blankness as synonymous. Don't look so shocked. You see it was like this. I dressed all up in my best bib and tucker, but when I came to shoes discovered that besides half-shoes I had only very worn, discouraged-looking ones I didn't dare risk the half-shoes, so I put on the most respectable-looking high ones possessed, pinned on my violet hat and tucked the big bunch of violets that John sent me into my coat. Now, John is terribly cranky about shoes, and he caught sight of the ones I had on. 'Those shoes look pretty rusty, Mary. If you haven't any better ones, you would better put a little polish on those,' he said.

"Like an obedient wife, I trotted off to

the bathroom and looked up my polish. I

found that I had used the last drop of my

own the day before, and the only thing left

in the way of polish was a bottle of cheap

off to school and which had never been

to open the bottle and polish my shoes.

Well, I almost choked before I was

opened. I settled myself down, proceeded

through. That stuff smelled like concentrated essence of fresh paint and strong varnish, with an extra odor thrown in. But I stuck to it manfully, and when L was through I opened the windows and stood over the register to dry the stuff. Then John and I started off to church. "John didn't sit with me. Mrs. Robinson insisted I should come up front with her, so John sat further back with some of his Sunday-school boys. For about fifup and the dreadful polish had gone to work again. The scent of it simply curled my face up and presently Mrs. Robinson leaned over and whispered to me: 'There's the most terrible odor in here-I'm afraid tucked my feet up under my skirt and held them as still as I could so as to keep that terrible odor as inactive as possible. But hush of modern life that we blame with I'm not wooden and I had to move my feet once in a while and after a time Mrs. Robinson leaned over again. 'I simply can't imagine what it is. Can you?" 'Yes,' I said nearests and dearests, to be sure, but we desperately, I can. It's my feet." "My dear! must be off again immediately to club or gasped Mrs. Robinson. She looked permatinee; we go to dinner with them when feetly horrified over my reckless remark so that, notwithstanding it was church, night on rare occasions. But the good old had to pour my troubles about the polish days when we just dropped all other inter- | into her ears. She was so sympathetic that instead of being dreadful the thing became else's house for a good long day-they are | funny, and we giggled like two little schoolgone, or outgrown, or something. I'd just girls all the way through service; and love to go spend the day with somebody- when I moved my feet and the odor of that fearful cheap polish floated up and set the people round about us sniffing, we John joined me near the door, 'Wasn't it a

ovely service, Mary?' he said. 'I don't